

HUSKS FOR SWINE.

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DEDICATED TO THE

SWINE OF ENGLAND,

THE

RABBLE OF SCOTLAND,

AND THE

WRETCHES OF IRELAND.

By one of the Herd, for the Benefit of the Grumbletonians.

THIRD EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY G. ROSS, LIBERTY-COURT.

1794.

STICKS FOR SWINE

ADDED TO THE

SWINE OF AFRICA

1852

RAVINE OF SCOTLAND



STICKS FOR SWINE

By one of the Members of the Society of Antiquaries

THIRD EDITION

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY J. W. & J. G. LEITCH

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A COLLECTION OF SONGS.

HUSKS FOR SWINE.

SONG I.

SINCE the minions of power to keep mortals still blind,
Forbid us to sing of the *Rights of Mankind*,
From this time let us alter the theme of our songs,
And, as swine, let's assemble to grunt out our wrongs.

In vain shall the placemen and pensioners join,
To say, that each man "sits beneath his own vine;"
Ah, no! let them all hang their heads and be mute,
For were the tree good it were known by its fruit.

Behold yon poor lab'rer, enfeebled and old,
With his limbs worn by toil, and contracted by cold,
While no cheering prospect enlivens his breast,
And all his past labours afford him no rest.

On his evening of life, no kind sun sheds its ray,
No beam of content gilds the close of his day,
Ask him, if he tastes of these fruits? No! they're known
To the hirelings of power, and to placemen alone.

He will tell you, his children are hungry and poor;
That his strength 'gins to fail, and his labours are o'er;
That in sorrow and pain he has travell'd life's road,
And the workhouse is now made his only abode.

Next view yonber matron; ah! why flow her tears?
What is it that bows to the grave her gray hairs?
She will tell you, with accents all frantic and wild,
That she mourns in despair for the loss of her child.

By the fruits of his toil she was cloth'd---she was fed ;
 His honest exertions procured her, her bread,
 But inveigled away, he was enter'd a slave,
 And to Flanders was sent there to meet with a grave.

There the poor victim lies on the blood moisten'd clay,
 And the vultures and kits scream aloud for their prey.
 Whilst his poor mangled limbs the dire banquet invite,
 And no tear wets his corpse, but the dews of the night.

Is the sailor secure when from some distant shore,
 He returns to his wife and his children no more ?
 Say, can he praise the pow'r which tears him from home,
 And leaves the poor victims in sorrow to roam ?

Maim'd and wounded return'd, see relief is denied,
 By the hard-hearted sons of oppression and pride ;
 And thro' realms which to save he in battle has bled,
 Behold him now wand'ring to ask for his bread !

See our taxes encrease by that profligate plan,
 Which has taught man to draw forth his sword against man,
 Whilst from poverty's cot, the hard earnings of toil
 Are torn, that the courtier may feed on the spoil.

And shall these abuses exist at this day ?
 Shall all our past glories for ever decay ?
 Ah, no ! let's avert the approach of the storm,
 And *UNITED* maintain the great cause of Reform !

THE DISPERSION OF THE BRITISH CONVENTION.

Tune---Bow, wow, wow.

IN the Good Town of Edinburgh a woeful thing befel Sir,
 And if you will attend to me, the occasion I will tell, Sir ;
 'The things which happen'd there, caus'd each Pensioner to
 wonder,
 And turn up his eyes, as a Duck does in thunder.

Bow, wow, wow ;

Down with the Swine and Rabble--*Bow, wow, wow.*
 A set

A set of hair-brain'd fellows met upon a daring plan Sir,
 No less than to discuss the Rights and Liberties of Man, Sir;
 But no Man of Sense would e'er listen to their babble, Sir,
 For almost all belong'd to the GRUNTERS or the RABBLE Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

To Reform our Constitution these same Fellows did intend
 Sir,
 When every Placeman knows this truth, that 'tis too good to
 mend, Sir;

And the Magistrates have prov'd they had an infamous in-
 tention,
 Or else they never would have dar'd to call themselves,
 Convention.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Still further to evince their horrible design, Sir,
 They call'd each other *Citizen*, and that increas'd their
 crime, Sir;
 When if their conversation to their natures they would suit
 Sir,
 Instead of *Fellow Citizen*, they'd grunt out, *Brother Brute*,
 Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Nay, more; in every thing they did, to seem as bad as
 France, Sir,
 They fram'd their Committees of Instruction and Finance,
 Sir;
 But if *Instruction* were to spread, how horrible were that,
 Sir!
 Good Lord! why, the Rabble might begin to smell a Rat,
 Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then they said, that a man, Sir, in any rank or station,
 Had a right, by his vote, to a share in legislation;
 Add that when from the pockets of the poor the money
 went, Sir,
 They had a right to ask, in what manner it was spent, Sir,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.
 Then

Then they talk'd as if our Taxes were become a grievous weight, Sir,

And that Sinecure Places did no service to the State, Sir;

But if it be but *justice* to pay men for doing *something*, Sir,

'Tis *generous*, I'm sure, to pay men for doing *nothing*, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then they wish'd too that all enmity 'twixt Nations should be o'er, Sir,

That the Sword should be sheath'd, and that Blood be shed no more, Sir;

But what man in Oppression could possibly go further, Sir,

Than to take away the Bread of those who only live by Murder, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

So mad at last were they become, that I am almost sure, Sir,

They thought that the *Rich* were no better than the *Poor*, Sir, !!!

And, at length, they had scatter'd quite a panic through the city,

By appointing *Four* men on a Secret Committee!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Magistrates alarm'd at this, and rousing one and all, Sir,

With all the Myrmidons of Power, set off to attack the hall, Sir;

And they never would have suffer'd them to come to such a pass, Sir;

But they had not yet receiv'd their orders from D---s, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

But soon as Master Harry had sent his orders down, Sir,

Uprose at his command all the Rulers of the town, Sir,

And some prophanely whisper, That on entering the room, Sir,

These tools of Power shed an unsavoury perfume, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Indictments

SONGS.

Indictments on each Friend of Freedom follow'd close behind Sir;
 The Judges very kindly taught the Juries what to find,
 Sir:
 Though this indeed was useless, for I'll venture to assure
 ye,
 They had taken care enough before to pick a proper Jury.
 Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Objections were repell'd, brought in any form or shape, Sir;
 For SEDITION was the crime, and not a simple RAPE, Sir:
 And at length this dire fancy for Reform to allay, Sir,
 They decreed a trip for FOURTEEN YEARS to Botany Bay,
 Sir!!!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Thus every method has been tried to quench this daring
 spirit, Sir;
 May both Magistrates and Judges meet with that reward
 they merit, Sir:
 For each method they've pursued that all *honest* Placemen,
 ought, Sir,
 And if poor Freedom be not STABB'D---I'm sure 'tis not their
 fault, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

TUNE---LIBERTY HALL.

AS the Devil, one morning, was taking a walk,
 He met J---e C---k, and began thus to talk:
 Worthy Justice, cries Satan, pray how do you do?
 Oh, Sir, cries his Lordship, my service to you.
 'Tol de rol, &c.

Have you got any news from the regions below?
 How's my Friend Justice Jeffries? Why, faith, but so, so;
 I fancy he envies your merit superior
 For, by all us below, he is deem'd *far* your inferior,
 'Tis

'Tis true, he exerted himself in my cause,
 By oppressing the virtuous by infamous laws :
 But how far below *your's* his endeavours must fall
 Who contrive to oppress them without law at all.

Thy power shall each dæmon of darkness obey,
 Who so far hast extended my empire and sway ;
 For should you continue to go on as well,
 You'll soon make all S---l---d a sort of a Hell.

Still go on, my dear Friend, in your excellent plan ;
 Still persist to oppress ev'ry innocent man ;
 Pack Juries as well as you've hitherto done,
 And they'll all be my subjects, as sure as a gun.

When the Hour shall arrive that's determin'd by fate,
 That the *Rabble* shall rise to tear thee from thy Seat---
 Never mind 'em, but laugh at the insolent foe,
 Secure of your Seat in my Kingdom below.

For to my dark Dominion soon as you descend,
 All Hell shall rejoice at the sight of their Friend ;
 And I'll give you, as long as with me you abide,
 The damn'd'st hot Corner at my fire side.

Oh sir! cries the justice and dropt on his knee,
 A much coider corner will satisfy me,
 Hold, hold Satan cries, for so great's my affection,
 That to use your own phrase, *I repel the objection*,

LINES

*To the Author of an Address to the suffering Patriots:
 Published in the Edin. Gazetteer.*

HAIL generous bard, who uneduc'd from truth
 Pour'st at the shrine of power, no venal lay ;
 But wak'st the song at holy freedom's call,
 To cheer each guiltless exile on his way.

Such

Such was the strain, when Scotia's sons, of old
 Attun'd to Liberty, the harmonious lyre;
 Touch'd with the strain, each hero seem'd more bold,
 And his great bosom glow'd with double fire.

Ah ! think not that these scenes shall-long remain;
 Delusions mist must quickly fade away,
 So fly the dewy vapours of the morn,
 Before the splendor of the solar ray.

In vain injustice rears her blood-stain'd head,
 Oppression shews her iron fangs in vain;
 Reason and truth and justice yet shall spread,
 And break curst tyranny's inglorious chain.

Tho' Freedom's sons to exile are consign'd;
 No storm shall shake the surface of the deep;
 Each tempest hush'd, and hush'd each ruder wind,
 Soft gales alone shall o'er the billows sweep.

Nor shall the generous victims long depart;
 Britain shall call them to her arms once more.
 Clasp her deliverers to her bleeding heart,
 And bid them welcome to their native shore.

Their gen'rous efforts yet shall meet reward;
 The grateful homage of a rescued state,
 Who in a dangerous hour their bosoms bar'd,
 To shield their country from the shafts of fate,

Their lives prolong'd thro' many a circling year;
 They yet shall see fair liberty restor'd:
 Yet shall they view the long lost maid appear,
 And by each Briton (as of old,) ador'd.

And when the term of life at length is o'er,
 A nation's gratitude shall deck their grave;
 There shall the well earn'd laurel rear its head,
 And o'er the tomb in solemn verdure wave,

Around their urns the rising youth shall meet,
 And swear to emulate their well earn'd fame,
 And thither shall each patriot bend his feet;
 And feel rekindled freedom's holy flame.

SKIRVING'S FAREWEL TO HIS COUNTRY.

TUNE---*Lochaber, &c.*

FAREWEL! O farewell to past scenes of delight,
 Now clouded alas! with the gloom of the night,
 For a victim---I go, to some far distant shore,
 Perhaps to return to my country no more.
 My tears only flow, hapless Scotland for thee!
 And not for the woes which press only me;
 I go undismayed, to some far distant shore,
 Perhaps to return to my country no more.

Tho' the storm howl around, and tho' waves round me roll
 They affright not, when virtue resides in the soul;
 Her rays can illumine the dark midnight hour.
 And darkness and fear, are dispell'd by her power.
 Oh my country! thy children submit to the yoke,
 Their old valour is gone, their old spirit is broke;
 And Freedom long banish'd from Scotia's fam'd shore,
 O'ershadows the isle, with her standard no more.

Fate gives the command, and resigned I obey,
 Injustice and tyranny drive me away.
 My children and wife;---I must yield to my woe,
 'Tis nature commands the sad tribute to flow.
 I leave to my country so sacred a trust,
 And if fate should consign this weak frame to the dust;
 May they meet with friends on my dear native shore,
 Tho' the father and husband, behold them no more.

THE

THE GALLANT SERJEANT'S INVITATION.

TUNE---"Woo'd and married an' a'."

COME, rouse my good fellows to arms,
 And follow the sound of the drum;
 If you'd cut a fine figure in story,
 To enlist in my regiment come;
 For wonderful sums we will promise,
 Which we possibly never shall pay;
 But of this, my brave comrades, be certain,
 You'll be shot at for sixpence a-day.

CHORUS.---Shot at for sixpence a-day, Shot at for sixpence a-day,

Come, accept of my kind invitation,
 To be shot at for sixpence a day.

Away with ye, simple poor blockheads,
 Who prate of the blessings of peace;
 I can prove t'ye that peace is *no* blessing;
 So give over your cracking and cease:
 'Tis war is the only true blessing;
 'Tis that brings the soldier in play;
 And 'tis war gives brave lads an occasion
 To be shot at for sixpence a-day.
 Shot at for sixpence a-day, Shot at &c.

In peace, should you chance to be hungry,
 In vain for your victuals you call;
 But war gives the soldier in battle
 A breakfast of powder and ball;
 And if once you but eat this provision,
 You'll never be hungry again;
 For it fills a man's stomach at once,
 And soon puts an end to his pain;
 If he's shot at for sixpence a-day, shot at for sixpence
 a-day,
 Come, accept of my kind invitation,
 To be shot for sixpence a-day.

Peace makes a man idle, my boys ;
 And, to prove it, 'tis wond'rous easy ;
 For peace often makes a man rich,
 And riches will render him lazy :
 But follow my standard, my boys,
 And all laziness soon will decay ;
 For there's nobody ever grew rich,
 Who was shot at for sixpence a-day.
 Shot at for sixpence a day, &c.

If you do not enlist you may live
 To grow old, and old age is a trouble ;
 Then you'll fold up your arms and look grave,
 And exclaim that long life is a bubble ;
 But be bold my brave fellows, be bold,
 Throw all fears of old age far away ;
 For you never need fear growing old,
 If you're shot at for sixpence a-day.
 Shot at for sixpence a-day, &c.

Then, instead of base sitting at home,
 At ease with your children and wives,
 Why we'll lead ye to fight against men
 Whom you ne'er saw before in your lives ;
 Then your Captains shall gain all the glory,
 And you all the toil of the fray :
 Now's your time then to catch at the honour
 To be shot at for sixpence a-day.
 Shot at for sixpence a-day, &c.

THE SONS OF FREEDOM.

TUNE---“ *The Irish Washerwoman.*”

COME rouse sons of Freedom, no more let us mourn,
 Nor bedew with our tears hallow'd Liberty's urn ;
 As if her blest influence no more should return.
 But in spite of those clouds let us sing *Ca Ira*.

For

For the gay dawn of Freedom shall yet gild the night,
And shed throughout Europe a splendor so bright,
That the nation's exulting shall hail the new light;
And join in the Chorus of *Ca Ira*.

Too long has this night overspread our fair isle,
Whilst the poor wearied peasant enfeebled by toil,
Sought in vain the mild influence of Liberty's smile,
To cheer his hard labours with ah! *Ca Ira*.

But the gay dawn of Freedom, &c.

Then the sire of the Village transported shall see,
His children, friends, neighbours, all happy and free,
Whilst his grandchildren prattling shall climb o'er his knee,
And lisp out the heart cheering sound, *Ca Ira*.

For the dawn of gay Freedom, &c.

Then no longer shall those, who have dar'd to maintain,
The RIGHTS of the PEOPLE! in sorrow and pain,
Drag' midst convicts and felons the hard clanking chain,
Or feel the rude grasp of tyrannical law,

For the gay dawn of Freedom, &c.

Nor shall war any more sound its trump in our ear,
But the song of delight and of concord shall cheer:
And far off chace each phantom of gloomy despair,
With the soul cheering influence of ah! *Ca Ira*.

For the gay dawn of Freedom, &c.

Then the feelings of nature once more shall return,
In each breast the pure flame of affection shall burn,
Nor shall Europe command the poor negro to mourn;
Giving *rapine* and *murder*---the sanction of *law*.
Let us pine then no more: light shall stream thro' the gloom.
For Freedom indignant shall yet burst her tomb,
And triumph exulting in youths gayest bloom,
Roused to life by the chorus of ah! *Ca Ira*.

COMMON SENSE.

TUNE---"*Maggie Lauder.*"

OH, why should weak deluded man,
So long continue blind, Sir?

Why should he raise a fancied form,
To impose upon his mind, Sir;

When all appear of equal worth
Before the eye of Heaven;

Why shou'd he idly dread that power,
Which he himself has given.

Why should he tamely bow to those,
Who class him with the swine, Sir.

Who bid him eat his bitter bread,
Nor offer to repine, Sir;

Who dare alas, with shameless front,
Assert that 'twould do good, Sir;

If e'er he murmur forth his wrongs,
To silence them with blood, Sir.

Why should the gewgaw tricks of state,
Impose upon his reason?

Such toys and play-things are but fit
For childhoods simple season.

The jewel sparkling on the breast,
A *child's* regard may win, Sir,

The manly mind looks not for these,
But asks the gem *within*, Sir.

MAN wants no ornament of state

No trick to make him greater,

The pompous vestments but deface

The image of his Maker;

The simple garb and plain attire

The honets heaet best suit, Sir,

For *Virtue* only makes the *man*

Superior to the *brute*, Sir.

A NEW

TUNE---*Anacreon.*

TO old S----n in H--ll, where he sat on his throne,
 The Combin'd k---- at P--ln--z, late sent a petition,
 That he their assistant and patron would be,
 When he promised his aid and made this the condition;
 Sound the trumpet of war;
 Scatter death and despair---
 And the torches of hell round your footsteps shall glare.
 Whilst combin'd in my cause, you assert the great plan,
 To blast every blessing, and comfort of man!

The news thro' the regions of Lucifer flew;
 When the dæmons arose in a sort of a riot---
 If these----- are thus suffered their schemes to pursue,
 Why, we all may as well fold our arms and sit quiet.
 For surely our aim,
 And these-----'s is the same---
 To spread o'er the earth, discord's wide-wasting flame;
 And combin'd in one cause to promote the great plan,
 To blast ev'rv blessing and comfort of man!

What the deuce can remain for us dæmons to do;
 If-----set on men to destroy one another;
 Whilst the slaves of their nod their curst orders pursue,
 And their hands are embu'd with the blood of a brother.
 Whilst the wild shrieks of pain,
 Spread around the wide plain---
 And e'en carnage is drunk with the blood of the slain:
 What need of our efforts to further the plan,
 To blast ev'ry blessing and comfort of man.

Old Lucifer rose, and cried hold ne'er complain,
 Nor find fault with the deeds of my vot'ries above:
 They are dæmons of hell in the image of men,
 And for that very purpose, from hence did remove.
 Man I ne'er could employ,
 With a horrible joy---
 The fair work of creation to waste and destroy,
 Nor could mere human villany e'er form the plan,
 To blast every comfort and blessing of man.

Ye

Ye friends of mankind then all join hand in hand,
 Bid these dæmons return to that place whence they came.
 Oh! teach man to behold but his brother in man;
 Say, though oceans divide, nature still is the same.
 Let discord no more,
 Bid the tempest to roar---
 But let peace spread its branch to each far distant shore,
 Heav'n itself shall assist the beneficent plan,
 And an EDEN shall bloom for the comfort of man.

THE COURT OF INJUSTICE.

Tune---*De'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.*

OH all ye muses nine descend,
 Assist your humble servant,
 Who at your shrine himself doth bend
 With supplication fervent;
 For verily and true it is
 He's in a sad quandary,
 When he attempts to praise the court,
 Yclept J-----ry,

Say, shall he praise the Scarlet gowns,
 Or wigs that cloath a scull, Sir,
 To every rule of common sense
 Impenetrably dull Sir,
 A scull which were it once depriv'd
 Of that same load of hair, Sir,
 Wou'd seem *out side* as well as *in*,
 Most lamentably bare Sir.

Shall he Lord J-----ce General praise,
 Oh no, that is not fair, Sir;
 For no man living, dares to say,
 That ever he sat there, Sir!
 And yet for what he never did,
 To me 'tis mighty clear, Sir;
 The man contrives to get d'ye see,
 Two thousand pounds a year, Sir.

But

But in his stead, sits J----- C-----,
 Whose face was sure intended,
 To personate a huge baboon;
 But the job was never ended.
 A fam'd physician too is he,
 And says it would do good, Sir;
 If e'er the RABBLE make a noise,
 To let a little *blood*, Sir.

Tis wasting time to name the crew,
 Who fill the other seats, Sir;
 Whose bushel wigs and scarlet gowns,
 Are all that make them great, Sir.
 Who, if their heads and hearts chang'd place,
 I do most firmly think, Sir;
 That every broad unmeaning face,
 Would look as black as ink, Sir.

Sedition is a crime it seems,
 And gives 'em mortal pain, Sir;
 And yet they never condescend,
 Its meaning to explain, Sir.
 But when with wondrous toil they try
 To give a definition,
 They hum and haw for half an hour,
 Then tell us, 'tis Sedition.

Here too I'd speak D-----s's praise,
 His big high sounding tone, Sir;
 But ah, I cannot set it forth
 In language like his own, Sir;
 Whose words are wond'rously combin'd,
 But without sense at all, Sir.
 But hold! I would not crush a worm,
 So let the *Reptile* crawl, Sir.

Henceforth then justice, mercy truth
 Shall reign within that court, Sir,
 Mercy, shall be L-----J-----C-----,
 Who'd hang a man for sport, Sir,

Justice, shall be L---H---
 Whose heart is made of brass, Sir,
 And to complete the ridicule
 Why truth shall be D---, Sir.

THE TRIUMPH OF TYRANY.

TUNE----“*Weary fa’ you Duncan Gray.*”

N. B. The two last Lines of every Verse, are to be sung as a Chorus: to the same Tune as the two first, and sung rather slowly.

MIDNIGHT darkness shrouds the heath,
 Frequent fly the shafts of death.
 Winds tempestuous howl around,
 Thunders rock the heaving ground,
 Hark! I hear a clanking chain,
 Hark! I hear the shriek of pain.

Frequent thro’ the murky air,
 See the lurid lightnings glare;
 And amidst the howling storm,
 Shew by fits, a fearful form;
 In his hand he shakes a chain,
 Hark! I hear the shriek of pain.

By the aspect, wan with care;
 By the wild and troubled air:
 Well I know the luring eye,
 And blood-stained front of tyranny.
 Hark! he shakes the clanking chain,
 Chanting forth his direful strain.

Hail! O hail! this happy hour,
 Hail! to my extended pow’r;
 Yet my banners I shall wave,
 Over murder’d Freedom’s grave:

Close

Close I bind the iron chain,
To extend my gloomy reign.

Whilst on justice' awful seat-----
Villany sits thron'd in state!
And wide extends his blood-stain'd hand,
To spread my empire o'er the land.
Still shall I assert my reign,
Still extend the iron chain.

Whilst immur'd in dungeons dank,
Where the galling fetters clank;
Freedom's sons are kept confin'd;
Destroy'd ----- and lost to all mankind,
Still shall I assert my reign,
Still extend the iron chain.

Whilst the odious free born band,
Are exil'd from their native land;
And num'rous victims daily rise,
To swell the human sacrifice,
Still shall I assert my reign,
Still extend the iron chain.

And see my kingdom stands secure,
Long my empire shall endure;
Doubt prevails and pale distrust,
And man submissive licks the dust;
These confirm my gloomy reign,
And closely bind the iron chain.

Servile thoughts possess the breast,
Genius sinks forlorn, depress'd,
And waits in vain the genial spring,
Again to plume his shattered wing;
One long winter keeps its reign,
Whilst I hold the iron chain.

Ignorance maintains his ground,
Darkness thickens all around;

Every scene of gay delight,
 Lost in universal night;
 And the gloom shall still remain,
 Whilst I hold my iron chain.

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM, A PROPHECY

TUNE---*Weary fa' you Duncan Gray.*

RISE, ye sons of Freedom rise,
 Crimson streaks the western skies,
 Which, to banish all your sorrow,
 Promises a fair to-morrow;
 Yet shall fall the the iron chain,
 Freedom yet shall ever reign.

A day unlike to former days,
 Soon shall dawn with genial rays;
 Bursting with a ten-fold glory,
 View the rapturous scene before ye:
 Wake, arise, throw off the chain,
 Freedom yet shall ever reign.

As the sun with piercing ray,
 Dispers the mists which dim the day,
 So shall Freedom's blazing eye
 Bid delusion's phantoms fly,
 With one touch she breaks the chain,
 And shall ever ever reign.

See th' affrighted despot throng,
 Before her splendor flit along
 In vain their feeble eye essays.
 To bear th' insufferable blaze.
 Freedom has begun her reign,
 And they waste their strength in vain.

Purer azure decks the sky,
 Thrilling music wakes on high,

All in silent rapture bend:
 See the heav'nly Queen descend!
 See we drop the iron chain,
 Freedom now shall ever reign.

Peace her song of triumph sings,
 Love illumines his purple wings,
 And in one benign embrace,
 Clasps at once the human race.
 Freedom bursts the iron chain
 And begins her golden reign.

Now no sordid shackles bind,
 The native energies of mind;
 Genius quits the shades of night,
 And attempts a loftier flight;
 Freedom bursts the iron chain,
 And begins her golden reign.

Crush'd beneath oppression's pow'r,
 Modest merit pines no more;
 And the sinking, timid eye,
 Views no haughty despot nigh:
 Freedom bursts the iron chain,
 And begins her golden reign.

Nature to our ravish'd eyes,
 Brings once more a paradise;
 Freedom bursts the iron chain,
 And begins her golden reign.

FULL CHORUS.

*Let the thunders roll along,
 To swell the triumph of the song;
 Spread the sound from shore to shore.
 MAN is FREE, a slave no more;
 Freedom bursts the iron chain,
 And shall ever, ever reign.*

PARODY UPON THE SONG OF POOR JACK.

GO patter to placemen and pimps d'ye see,
 'Bout pensions and posts and the like;
 Equal laws, equal rights, and strict justice give me,
 And I never to tyrants shall strike:
 Tho' the dim shades of ignorance round us now spread
 Mens' minds to corrupt and debase,
 Yet knowledge and reason their influence shall shed,
 And the universe cheer with their rays;
 Ev'n now they call out, we ne'er shall be slaves,
 Nor shall tyrants rule over this isle,
 For the Goddess of Freedom her banner high waves,
 And inspires all her sons with a smile.

We heard good Duke Richmond palaver one day.
 'Bout reform, freedom, justice and such:
 And my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why,---'twas just all as one as high Dutch!
 For he says that reform would us founder d'ye see,
 And our freedom might go down below;
 And many odd things, that prove clearly to me,
 That, a pension has ta'en him in tow.
 But away ye apostate, nor think to enslave
 Freedom's sons or her favourite isle,
 For the Goddess of freedom her banner high waves
 And inspires all her sons with a smile.

I said to Old Burke, for, d'ye see, he would cry,
 When France had resolved to be free,
 What argufies grunting like hogs in a sty,
 Why?---what a damn'd fool you must be:
 Don't you know the world's wise, and that freedoms the
 work,
 Engag'd in by sea and on shore,
 And if to the *Lanterne* you should go my friend B----ke,
 Why, we ne'er shall be plagu'd with you more!
 Then away with your faction, nor think to enslave
 Freedom's sons or her favourite isle,
 For the Goddess around us her banners shall wave,
 And inspire all her sons with a smile.

D'ye

D'ye mind me a Patriot should be ev'ry inch,
 A supporter of freedom and right,
 And for them brave the world without off'ring to flinch,
 Tho' oppressors and tyrants unite ;
 As for me in all weathers, in peace or in war,
 My service my country commands ;
 Her rights are at stake, and the time is not far,
 When her sons shall assert their demands.
 Then, then, my Britons, we ne'er shall be slaves,
 Nor shall tyrants rule over this isle,
 See ! the Goddess of Freedom her banner high waves,
 And inspires all her sons with a smile.

FINIS.

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